

*1 H Mundanus*  
THE

7754

Candid Reader,

OR, A

M O D E S T,

Yet unanswerable

A P O L O G Y

FOR

All BOOKS that ever  
were, or possibly can be  
wrote.

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DUBLIN:

Printed by GEORGE FAULKNER:

M DCC XLIV.

Candid Reader,

MODESTY

APOLOGY



All B. that over  
weir of possibly can be

DUBLIN:  
Printed by George Fawcett.  
MDCCLIV.



T O

HIS Most Critical, Scien-  
tifical, truly Catholical,  
and Terraqueous Majesty  
the WORLD.

*Learned and mighty SIR,*

**S**EEING the following Trea-  
tise hath been penned on set  
Purpose to vindicate thy Taste  
against the impudent Attempts of  
a few, who would impose their  
own upon thee, it cannot so pro-  
perly be dedicated to any one,  
as to thy self. Forasmuch also,  
as many Performances, not only  
such as are of little or no Length  
or Weight, but also the Volumi-

iv DEDICATION.

nous and Heavy, relying purely on thy Favour, have ventured forth into the Light, and lived to see several Generations of Books, right valuable in themselves, rise and perish in Oblivion, it is humbly hoped this little Youngling of mine, which boasteth not its own Merit, but presumeth on thy Benevolence alone, will meet with the like kind Reception from thee. If it hath thy Approbation, being as modest as it is young, it shall therewith be content, and look no further.

THOSE Persons, who would needs take upon them to be thy Teachers, and prescribe to thee in Matters of Taste and Judgment, will lay their Rods heavily on this my little Infant, as well

## DEDICATION.

well because it pleadeth in behalf of thy Privileges against their Encroachments, as because it delivereth itself in a Stile and Manner not altogether authoris'd by them. But I hope, as it is thy Advocate, so thou wilt be its Sponsor and Protector, more especially against the Malice and Craft of that black Tribe, which, above all others, laboureth to abridge thy Privileges, and aimeth at a Tyranny over the Mind and Conscience. Those Persons, altho' on many Occasions they pay thee no small Court, are nevertheless, by Profession, thy sworn Enemies, and agreeably thereunto, some among them do most cordially, both despise and hate thee. Be thou aware of such; for albeit, they make but a small

vi DEDICATION.

Body, yet so great is the Forwardness and Virulence of their Natures, that they force the rest, contrary to their great Respect for thee, to join in the Cry against thee. I expect all, which the Teeth and Nails of that Fraternity can do, for my Attachment to thy favourite Author, the Lord *Shaftsbury*. However, his Lordship hath a competent Number of hopeful young Shoots, springing up, and putting forth apace even among that Thicket of Thorns, who in a short Space of Time will form a powerful Party, so as greatly to encrease the Number of his, and consequently, of thy Props and Supporters.

I SUPPOSE



# DEDICATION. vii

I SUPPOSE it is owing to the Conspiracies of the afore-mentioned Persons, that we so frequently hear thee railed at in such Expressions as these. What a World is this! What will the World come to! The World is growing every Day worse and worse! The World is come to that Pass, &c. Not satisfied with these opprobrious Reflections, they even proceed so far as formally to renounce thee, together with the Devil, with whom, after all, they deal largely, and generally consult in Matters of the last Consequence; and therefore thou hast Reason to comfort thy self with the Hopes, that the Hatred they pretend to thee, is as far from their Hearts, as that which they profess against him.

I am

## viii DEDICATION.

I am the more corroborated in this my Opinion, when I hear the same Persons inadvertantly blabbing such Expressions of Love and Esteem for thee as follow ; If I might have the whole World for doing this, &c. I would not for the World be guilty of, &c. If I were Master of the World, I would make thee Mistress. Nay, I also hear many of them swearing by thee ; from which however, I should by no Means conclude they worship thee, as their God, or even have an high Respect for thee, did I not likewise behold them every Day sacrificing to thee, not only their Consciences, and Characters, and Souls, which are Offerings of no very high Estimation, but e-

ven

# D E D I C A T I O N. ix

ven their very Pleasures, and their Lives.

THY Majesty, methinks, may very well turn a contemptuous Ear, to all the feigned Invectives of the poor, the disappointed, the discontented, the whimsical Part of Mankind, seeing the wise, the wealthy, and the great are thine own, to a Man, and that with infinite Devotion. It is for thy Majesty they break thro' all the Ties of Nature and Humanity, plotting, sailing, fighting, swearing, cutting the Throats of their Friends and Fathers, and sometimes their own. It is for thee they pretend Religion in one Age and Circumstance, and it is likewise to come at thee they trample on it without Scruple in an other. Thou art their  
God,

X DEDICATION.

God, and their Devotion is sincere and hearty.

THE servile dissembling Herd of Dedications, have by Misapplication, so lamentably debauched the Expressions of Respect, that Language can scarcely supply me with Terms, both strong enough to set forth, my Esteem, and at the same Time, sufficiently delicate to enter thy Majesty's Ears, averse in the highest Degree, to every, the smallest Appearance of Flattery. I shall therefore (I know it will please thy Majesty) preserve an unwilling Silence on a Subject, which it requires the Self-denial of an Anchorite to abstain from. I will not say one Word of thy Candour and Taste, as a Reader,



# D E D I C A T I O N. xi

der, thy Wisdom and Justice as a Governor, thy Valour and Conduct as a Soldier, thy Humanity and Politeness as a Companion, thy Fidelity as a Friend, thy Generosity as the Patron of Merit, nor the other innumerable and illustrious Virtues, that grace thy amiable Character, and render thee so deservedly the Admiration of all. These Topicks, defended by thy Modesty, and exalted far above my weak Ability, are reserved to be inscribed by a Pen of Steel, on everlasting Monuments of Brass and Marble. It would be a Profanation to lavish thy Praises on frail Paper, so applicable, on many Occasions, to the vilest Uses, more especially, when lowered in Value, by the  
base

xii DEDICATION.

base and uncurrent Mintage, of  
such a mere Coyner among Wri-  
ters, as,

*May it please thy MAJESTY,*

*Thy MAJESTY's most humble,*

*Most obedient,*

*And most devoted Slave*

*And Admirer,*

**MUNDANUS.**

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T H E

CANDID READER.

**G**REAT is the Satisfaction I enjoy in beholding the daily and plentiful Additions made to the Commonwealth of Letters by my contemporary Writers. However, it is a Pleasure of a very peculiar Nature, and cannot be ever conceived by any other Person, if he doth not take the Matter in the same Light I do. I consider the whole Body of Writings, that have hitherto appeared in the World, of whatsoever Kind, whether philosophical or poetical, historical or political, moral, theological, or critical; whether they be the Performances of great Wits or Dunces, of the learned or illiterate, as one great Community or Republic of Books, in which every individual Performanc

B

hath

hath its own Place and Use. As in a well regulated Commonwealth, consisting of Men, there must be Persons for all Purposes, some to be Treasurers, and others to be Scavengers, some to be Judges, and others to be Hangmen ; so in one of Books, there ought to be some sublime and learned, others low and illiterate, some, full of Sense and Life, others, dull and stupid, some, of a senatorian Order, and some of a Plebeian ; because, all Books being wrote, if I mistake not, in order to perusal, and all Mankind being either obliged by Duty, or moved by Inclination, to peruse some Kind of Books or other, and there being such an infinite variety of Tastes and Capacities among Men, prodigious Numbers would be excluded from the great and delectable Exercise of Reading, were it not for the plentiful Provision made, and laid in, by the Writers of past and present Times. We have now almost a Competency of Writings, calculated for all Sorts of Tastes, and all Degrees of Understanding. The plodding Mathematician hath his *Euclid* or his *Newton* ;  
the



the Reader of Fire and Fancy hath his *Lucian* or his *Milton*; the sage Politician, his *Tacitus* or *Machiavel*; the young Ladies, their Books of Battles and Slaughter; the young Gentlemen, their Plays and Novels; the honest Farmer, his *Donbellianis* and Seven wise Masters; the Gay have their Comedies; the Melancholly, their Tragedies; the Morose, their Satyrs, the Flaterers, their Panegyricks; the hasty precipitate Reader hath his News-Papers and Duodecimo's; the Patient and Laborious, his huge Performances in Folio. Give me a Reader of never so odd a Turn, and I will give thee as odd a Writer, who shall fit him as exactly, as if Nature had cut them out for each other. Nay, on the other Hand, I will be bold to say, thou can'st not shew me a Writer, for whom I have not a Reader ready, who shall tally with him, notch for notch, and nick for nick, from one End to the other.

Now, it is no way improbable that some, who look upon their own Minds as more refined than those of other Men, may object to me the unreason-

ableness of being pleased to see such a Number of ill Tastes, indulged and fed by Writings of a mean Character, as they perhaps may call them, and so repugnant to right Reason and Nature.

BUT let those over nice Persons consider what it is they are pleased to brand with such injurious Appellations. Perhaps it is a Romance, for Instance, the Renowned History of *Valentine* and *Orson*; which, upon a close Scrutiny and Calculation I find to be read by four Persons, for one, who reads an *Homer* or a *Newton*. By what Authority can this huge Body of People, free, at least in these Countries, and feared by the King of *France*, be deprived of their Right to this delectable Author? Or, with what Assurance can a few supercilious Criticks take upon them to condemn their Taste in this Behalf?

REASON follows Nature; and where is Nature to be found, if not among those who are untainted with Art, and unrefined by Prejudices? If thou, O Objector, whoever thou art, hast laboured to force Nature, and acquire a certain Luxury of Taste, must thou  
pre-

presently take upon thee the Office of a Censor, and presume to reduce the World to thine own whimsical and formal way of Thinking? Thou hast deviated from Nature. It was Study and Art that taught thee to think in Trammels, and reduced thee, from the boundless Liberty of Nature, to a Parcel of dry Rules concerning Unity, Uniformity, and Probability. Surely, thou must remember, that it was in Schools and Colleges thou learnedst these Impertinences. The Reader of *Valentine* and *Orson* is uneducated, that is, unprejudiced, and guided by Nature alone to that amusing Performance; and therefore thou doest ill to say his Taste is unnatural. The Books, wherewith thou pleatest thy self, are of a Nature so odd and out-of-the-way, that it is the Work of an whole Life to bring oneself to understand and relish them. They have certainly cracked thy Brains, or thou couldest not be so absurd as to think them natural, merely because thou hast habituated thyself to them, or think of imposing a Taste for them on others, who find a



shorter and easier way to be pleased. Thou art like those wise People, who by forsaking Nature, and Reason too, have reduced themselves to such a Pass, that they cannot take their Breakfast, till it is brought them from the *Indies*; whereas the Reader of *Valentine* and *Orson* resembleth him, who findeth a pleasant and plentiful Breakfast at Home. Every particular Class of Readers is for giving Rules to all the rest, and converting the whole World to their own Opinions and Tastes, because truly they cannot see the Profit or Pleasure of perusing those Writings, which others seem to be so entirely taken up with. The Mathematician is utterly at a Loss to understand the strange, and in his Opinion, wild, Flights of *Homer*. The Fire and Imagination, that break with such Heat and Lustre from that Father of Poetry, seem all Frenzy and Extravagance to his cold and sober Understanding; nor is there any Phenomenon in Nature, which he finds it so difficult to account for, as the surprising Admiration, with which his daring Sallies, and hair-brained Fictions are at-



attended to. It is amazing to him, that Matters, which admit of no Demonstration, should at all amuse or engage a reasonable Creature, and gain such Numbers of Readers, Imitaters, and Admirers in all Ages and Nations.

ON the other hand, the Poet, and, in general, all Readers of Fire and Fancy, are as much astonished at the strange Infatuation of mathematical Learning. They look upon it as a dry, but bewitching Study, that engages, without giving Pleasure, and draws on a whimsical sort of Admirers, with Hopes of Discoveries, which would render them famous, could they be made, and which Nature hath hid from others, but cannot conceal from the singular Sagacity of their Minds. The Mathematician, if you will believe the Poet, is the most stiff and conceited, the most enthusiastick and ignorant of all Mankind ; and his Knowledge, if it may be called so, the most impertinent and useless.

THUS each unreasonably condemns the other. The Poet would propose the Pleasures of Imagination to Persons

sons who have none ; and the Mathematician again, is for estimating the Poet's Fire by his own Ice. The same may be said of other Readers, howsoever classed and distinguished. They admire their own, and condemn the Studies of others ; and a conceited Spirit of Profelytism reigns universally among them all.

Now, for my part, I am for giving Toleration to all Sorts of Readers to indulge themselves uncensured and uncontrouled, in the Perusal of all such Writings as their various Humours or Tastes shall respectively dispose them to. There is no Work made publick, from the ponderous Folio, which cost a Life in the Composition, down to the daily Journal, the Child of half an Hour, which doth not afford me a very sensible Satisfaction, inasmuch as I look upon them all, as new Births, to increase the Commonwealth of Letters, and new Accessions to the Treasury of Reading. As on the one hand, I would not have the Works of *Homer*, *Plato*, *Pascal*, *Newton*, or *Berkley* destroyed ; so neither would I vote,  
that

that the *Lucubrations* of *Tom Brown*, *Durfey*, *Quarles*, *Forster*, *Morgan*, *Huchefon*, or *Drummond* should perish. Let them live as long as they can, and enjoy their several Sets of Readers for ever, or for a Winter, according as they are calculated for Duration ; and let no Man, nor Set of Men, pretend to condemn all such Books, Pamphlets, or Ballads, as have not an *Imprimatur* from them. As we freely live, so let us freely read. An universal Caterer, either for Head or Stomach, would be the most absurd and unnatural of all Tyrants.

I WAS led into these Reflections by some extraordinary Performances, which I have long admired, but lately heard condemned, in a very arbitrary manner, as a silly and senseless sort of Writings. The Authors I am going to mention and justify, have many Readers, and as many Admirers, whose Privilege of being instructed or diverted, as they please, I take to be very injuriously struck at by the aforementioned heavy Censure ; and what greatly aggravates their Grievance and my own is, that, were we deprived of those Writings,



Writings, we should be almost totally shut out from Information and Entertainment in the way of Reading.

THE first I shall take Notice of, is a Scheme proposed in *Hill's Arithmetick* for making *Latin* Verses by an arithmetical Table. The whole Treatise is a valuable Work in every respect, but never enough to be admired for this stupendous Invention, by which as many Verses as would make an *Iliad*, or an *Eneid*, might be told out in a few Days, without the least Labour of the Brain, either in composing or reading them. Surprising Author! Had he lived in the earlier Ages of the World, when the Gods were a making, he had certainly been deified. We should never have heard of *Apollo*, the Muses, *Orpheus*, *Homer*, or any of those other Inventors of the old Poetry, who taught the World a very tedious and painful Method of making Verses, by which the Health and Reason of the Poet were frequently and sorely impaired, had the earlier Times of Literature been enriched with this admirable Art.

AND



AND yet after all, there are not a few, who take upon them to depreciate the Invention, who cry down the Thing itself, as mean and mechanical, and the Verses it produces, as destitute, in some Measure, of Sense and Meaning. Those nice Gentlemen, in particular, who effect the Belles Letters, contrary to their usual Attachment to Sound, and contempt of Sense, treat it with the utmost Scorn, merely because the Verses are generated mathematically. Surely, never any Thing, say they, was so pedantick! What! Verses made by arithmetical Rules! No Doubt on it the Thoughts must be very fine, and the Diction vastly elegant. Poems produced this way must be tip-top, to be sure.

IT is easy to see there is no Reasoning in all this; but mere Wit and Railery, tho' never so keen, must not be allowed to decide this Controversy. No human Performance can be perfect in all Respects. *Homer*, in the Opinion of some Criticks, is irregular and inconsistent; *Virgil* too uniform and cold; *Lucan* hot and injudicious; *Tasso*

*Tasso* weak and groveling. In a Word, there is no Poet so happy in every Particular, as to please all. The only Defect of the arithmetical Species of Poetry is, that it wants Meaning. If however it is to be condemned on this Account, what an Infinity of Poems must suffer with it! What a Catalogue of Names, celebrated among polite Readers, and laureated at Courts, must perish in Oblivion! Is mere want of Sense so great an Objection to a Poem? For my Part, I should think it were much better to find no Meaning in a Poem, than a bad one. Considering how it fares with Poetry at present, a Performance of that Kind, which can possibly do no Hurt, may deservedly enough be called a good one. Besides, if there be Numbers of Readers, who do not at all look for Meaning in a Poem, surely the above mentioned Objection can be none with them. And that there are such, I can very safely take upon me to affirm. How often have we heard a fine Lady sing that beautiful Song, called a \* Love Song in the modern

\* Vide *Swift's Works* Vol. II.

Taste, to a Company of raptured Beaus, of whom we may truly say, that they are a little too selfish in the Application of their Applause, to lavish it away rashly on Performances of no Merit. Easy Readers, among whom I may reckon some of the greatest Personages now alive, should have easy Writers, that they may not be forced to rack a delicate System of Brains over a Poem, as if they were straining at a mathematical Problem.

POETICAL Performances are calculated primarily to please. According to this Idea of Poetry, it may be aptly divided into that, which pleases by infusing grateful Fancies into a vacant Mind, of which Sort are the Poems of *Pope*, *Addison*, and *Swift*, and into that which relieves the Mind from the Torture of its own uneasy Thoughts, of which Kind we may esteem the arithmetical Poetry as Chief. For this Purpose I will take the Liberty to recommend it as a Sovereign Opiate. Let the Beau, whose Heart palpitates with the Terrors of a Duel, which he must either fight To-morrow, or forfeit all his



his little Stock of Honour, read but a Dozen Pages in a Poem of this Kind, after he is gone to Bed, and I will answer for it, at the Hazard of my Skill in Criticism, he shall sleep, till his Adversary hath quitted the Field of Battle. Let a Belle, whose Mind is chagrined with the Loss of a Lap-Dog, a Lover, or some Guineas at Quadrill, go immediately to Bed, and get her waiting Woman to read her fifty Lines in a Poem of this Kind, and she will find it as consolatory as the first Addresses of a new Lover, and as soporifick as her Prayers. All her Thoughts, if she had any, shall, insensibly die away, she shall sweetly dissolve into a Composure, which no Dreams of her former Losses shall ruffle.

THE second Author, whom I shall mention, as admired by me and many others, and yet censured by some, is my Lord *Shaftsbury*. The Performances of this Author, like the arithmetical Verses, are of a very anodyne Nature, but in a different Way; for whereas, those Verses are of sovereign Use, in stupifying Care; his Lordship's

Writings



Writings are of most powerful Efficacy  
 in blunting the Stings of Conscience,  
 one of the most terrible Evils incident  
 to this Life. This noble Person obser-  
 ving that most People are pestered with  
 idle and superstitious Fears about certain  
 Punishments, said to be inflicted on  
 wicked Livers, in a chimerical Life after  
 this, and that the Conscience of a Man,  
 sometimes looking back at his Crimes,  
 and anon looking forward at those Pu-  
 nishments, is apt to excite very terrible  
 and distracting Apprehensions, hath la-  
 boured, and that with great Success,  
 to dissipate those Fears, and relieve the  
 Conscience from this heavy Yoke, which  
 Priests and Nurses, taking the Advan-  
 tage of our tender Years, have thought  
 fit to impose upon us. His Method of  
 doing this however is singular and a-  
 dapted to the Humour and Turn of a  
 very particular Class of Men, that  
 could not have been relieved by the  
 plain and common Expedients of others,  
 who undertake the Cure of Conscien-  
 ces. To give the Reader a clear Idea  
 of his Lordship's Manner, it will be  
 necessary to Characterize the Sett of  
 Patients,

Patients, whom he chose for his Province.

THEY are Men of infinite Sense and Understanding, yet of little or no Learning. It is from Nature, and from within themselves, that they draw forth a Fund of Knowledge, in Comparison of which the Wisdom of the *Greeks, Romans* and *Jews*, is but Stupidity and Ignorance. Hence it cometh to pass, that they seldom read; and when they do, it is with great Contempt for the Writer, if he doth not recommend himself to them by two Things, Novelty and Obscurity. As to the first, they say, and very justly, to what End a new Book, if the Contents are old? The Antiquity of an Error cannot turn it into Truth, and to tell us old Truths is Impertinence, because we know them already. It is certain, those Truths which may be told us concerning Antient Occurrences and Transactions, are not to be known without Reading; but then we are no way concerned in such Truths, and besides, as Length of Time is perpetually weakening the Authority of  
such

such Relations, there is no depending on them. They have also another Reason for liking Novelty in an Author ; it supplies them with something to say, which as it is known to few or none, may be easily passed for their own, which trite Notions and received Opinions can never be.

As to Obscurity, they admire it in a Writer, for many Reasons: *First*, because it is a great Pleasure to them, that others, who have not so much Penetration as they, are, by the fruitless Perusal of an unintelligible Performance, proved to be Men of inferior Understanding; *Secondly*, because they can almost as safely retail for their own the Sentiments of an Author, understood only by themselves, as if his Performance had never been published. In the next Place, they look upon themselves as sharing with the Author in his Honour, when they find out his reclude and hidden Meaning. The Sentiments seem to be generated between them; nay, the Reader seems to invent the Sentiments of the Author, and ought, on many Occasions, to have



the whole Credit to himself, inasmuch as he frequently draws out a shining Sentiment from a Passage, by which the Author either meant quite another Matter, or nothing at all. Again, the Gentlemen I am speaking of, have Understandings framed, like the Eye of the Cat or Owl, to see in the Dark, so that they can scarcely discern a very glaring Sentiment. Hence it is, that of two Books wrote against each other on any controverted Point, they are always convinced by the more obscure. Had we an University made up of this Sort of Gentlemen, their publick Disputations, instead of being managed in the usual plain Way, would be carried on like those of the Antient Eastern Princes, by cramp Questions, and every Argument proposed would begin with *Riddle-my-ree*. *Alexander* the Great had certainly the Honour to be one of this Species of Men. When his Preceptor *Aristotle* published his Ethicks the Hero chid the Philosopher for having revealed to the World that System of Knowledge, which he had been instructed in, and hoped that no Body  
else

else would. But the Stagyrite comforted his Pupil with an Assurance, that, altho' the Book was made publick, yet the Contents of it were still a Secret to every Body but *Alexander*.

PEOPLE may mince Matters as they please; but after all, it is certain, that I and all other Authors, like *Aristotle*, write in order to publish, and publish in order to be praised. It is also as certain, that all Readers (I beg Pardon of mine) from him with the Fesque in his Fingers, to him with the Spectacles on his Nose, do read to gratify their Vanity, that is, to gather Knowledge, which they intend to make a Shew of. The Persons, whom I have been giving a Character of, are Readers of a more refined and exalted Vanity, than others. They leave the Fruit of a Bramble or a Thorn for meaner People, who can only look up with Admiration at those delicious Clusters, reserved on the Tops of lofty Trees, for the Hands of such Gyants in Understanding, as those who make the Subject of this my Panegyrick. What is easily obtained, is generally little valued

valued, and we are apt to rate Knowledge, as we do other Commodities, according to its Rarity and the Price we pay for it.

By these Means it frequently falleth out, that our Gentlemen above mentioned, who carry this Humour farther than others, do most admire that which they least understand, taking it for somewhat very sublime, which their touring Understandings cannot reach to. They have been told, that Philosophy is placed on a Mountain difficult of Access; and if this Mountain should hide its Summit in Clouds, it strikes them with the greater Awe and Admiration. They imagine it higher than it is. They gaze at it with strange Astonishment, and grow Superstitious as they gaze. All Things seem larger in the Dark, and so do those Writings, to which their artful Authors, give a Kind of clouded Majesty, by presenting them in Fog and Vapours to their Readers. A Reader hath no other Way of shewing the Force and Keeness of his Sagacity, as a Reader, but by the Difficulty of his Author; and therefore



therefore our piercing Wits can neither give themselves nor others a full Proof of their penetrating Capacities, without Authors sufficiently abstruse and hard. All Men are not to be pleased by one Manner of Writing. There is an endless Variety of Tastes ; some like Sublimity, others Perspicuity ; some are fond of Simplicity, others of Perplexity and Subtily in a Writer. The Gentlemen I am speaking of are most delighted with Obscurity. Now as all have a Right to read, and consequently to read what they please, I take Obscurity to be as useful a Talent, as Sublimity, inasmuch as it hath its Admirers, and those not a few, who care not a Straw for that which is plain and easy.

BUT what chiefly recommends the Obscurity of such a Writer, as my Lord *Shaftsbury*, to this Sort of Men, is, that it serveth as Gilding to that Pill, which he prescribes to the Distress of their Consciences. They, poor Men ! have been a little unfortunate in their Education, which hath deeply rivited in their Minds a Fear of Judgment and Punishments

Punishments to come ; and this Fear damps all their Enjoyments, and miserably cramps their Schemes, as well of Profit as Amusement. Now when they consult with a Casuist, or, I should rather say, Exorcist, about the Expulsion of this Dæmon, if his Reasonings should happen to be a little too weak for the Purpose, it is plain enough that they may easily be too intelligible. As therefore they come with Minds impatient for Relief, an Argument half apprehended is more likely to insinuate itself, than, that which, by being too easily understood, exposes its own Unsoundness, and gives the Alarm to Reason. A very explicite Writer is the most unfit Person in the World to remove the Scruples of a queasy Conscience, because Reason is generally byassed by Education, so as to support those hideous Scruples ; and therefore there can be little Good expected from an Argument, that is not so palliated, as to steal by that austere and watchful Door-keeper. Many and grievous are the Maladies incident to the Mind of Man ! Among which there is none  
so

so shocking, and so hard to be cured, as those of a Conscience, prejudiced by Notions about another World, especially when Reason fixeth and rooteth them in the very Understanding. Happy is that Author, and great his Art! Who can enter the Intellect in an effectual Disguise, and there forming a Party among our Passions, can eject those Tyrants, and bestow on the Soul a perfect and unbounded Liberty.

SUCH an Author is my Lord *Shaftsbury*. He can pass incognito thro' the most guarded Heart; and conceal himself, till he hath established his Authority there. He can strike one way, till he hath entered a Principle into the Mind, and then the contrary way, till he hath clenched it; and all this without being perceived. He can dispossess the most rivetted Notion, and impress a contrary one, while the Understanding is in the mean Time insensible of the Change. He can hold the Imagination in play with a Rapture or a Flight, till he hath passed a fine Expression on the Judgment, for a Reason,

and



and a Witicism, for a convincing Argument.

THOSE Terms, such as the Beauty of Virtue, and the Deformity of Vice, which were seldom used before, even in a metaphorical Sense, he hath employed in a precise and philosophical Strictness, as Terms of Art, and drawn surprising Discoveries and useful Speculations from thence. By these, and many other Expedients of the like Nature, he so refines the plain and intelligible Science of Morality, that it is impossible for his Reader to find out its Foundation, to distinguish, whether it is seated in the rational, or sensitive Part of our Nature, or to form a clear, or any, Idea of Virtue; but so much may be gathered from him at last, that Religion, is rather prejudicial than helpful to it, and that Religion as it is commonly understood, and Superstition, are one and the same Thing.

WHILE he is thus employed in the League of common and received Opinions, he shoots from his thick Darkness, like *Nisus* out of the Wood, without running the least Hazard of being attacked himself. If any one attempt

tempts to be on the Offensive with him, and to give Chase to an Opinion of his, the fugitive Sentiment immediately takes Cover in a Thicket of fine Words, and poetical Rants, where, with the greatest Ease, it can elude the most diligent Pursuit. But, if on any Occasion a stragling Assertion of his should be surprized, and in a fair way to be run down, the artful Author flies to its Rescue, and like *Venus* in the *Iliad*, saves his Offspring in a Cloud of intricate Subtilties, and an inaccessible Obscurity. Like an experienced General, he so manages Matters, that his Adversaries can have little or no View of what he is doing, while their Measures lie exposed to him in all that Noon of Light, which their silly Confidence induces them to diffuse around. Hence it is, that all the Performances of this inimitable Genius are absolutely unanswerable. I could point out a Passage or two, in which it appears, that the Author finding himself enclosed on all Sides, by Difficulties and Dilemmas, so attenuates his Substance, as to escape at an almost imperceptible Outlet,

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like the Genie in the *Arabian Nights* Entertainment, who being confined close Prisoner in a Barrel, and having no way out but at the Bung-hole, rarified himself to a Smoak, and so insensibly evaporated thro' that narrow Passage.

SOME Treatises are hard to be understood thro' the Difficulty of the Subject, others, thro' the Method and Stile of the Author. The first may be called profound, and the latter, of which Kind are all the Philosophical Essays of my Lord *Shaftsbury*, are, properly speaking, obscure. Now I would not have the Reader think, that when I say, obscure, I mean in the least to depreciate the Performances of his Lordship. It is easy to handle a plain Subject clearly, its own native Light being a sufficient Illustration to it. It is likewise the easiest Thing in Nature, and for which no Writer deserves Thanks, to treat an obscure Argument abstrusely, because that Darkness, which, in the Nature of Things, inseparably attends it, will naturally, and almost unavoidably, flow thro' the  
Pen



Pen of him that writes upon it. But, that Author shews Parts and Skill indeed, who clears up a dark and intricate Subject, and renders it intelligible to the meanest Capacity. Nor shews he less Mastery, who throws such an artificial Darkness round a plain, and obvious Topick, as sets the Reader a groping, as it were, in broad Day-light, by which means the too glaring Truth, or the too dazzling Error are presented to the tender-eyed, thro' a Fog, which adds to their apparent Magnitude, what it takes away from their Brightness. From *Adam* to my Lord *Shaftsbury*, there lived not so great a Master of this Art, as *Oliver Cromwell*. That great Man, who gave Liberty to these Nations by killing, beggaring, and banishing one half of the Inhabitants, and totally subduing the rest, would often carry a Point in Parliament, for which his glorious and immortal Memory is now drank with the most religious Veneration, by a long elaborate Speech, of which not a single Sentence was understood by any Mortal in that wise and august Assembly. The Writ-

ings of the Schoolmen, *Cornelius Agrippa's* Occult Philosophy, *Persius's* Satyrs, with other Performances of the obscure Class, found Work for the sagacious Readers of their own Times, but can no longer please, because they are no longer new. All covered with the Dust and Cobwebs of Antiquity, they are now utterly unfit for the perusal of any Thing, but Moths and Book-worms, those Gluttons of ancient Learning; and having served out their Time to the Commonwealth of Letters, are retired to Silence and Darkness as great as those within them. My Lord *Shaftsbury*, and his Imitator *Hucheson*, have the present Generation of Obscurists entirely to themselves.

MANYFOLD and fruitless were the Labours of *Zeno*, *Socrates*, *Aristotle*, *Averroes*, *Smigletius*, *Kekermannus*, *Locke*, and others, to find out a Rule for right Reasoning, by which, as with a Needle and Compass, the yet vague and dissipated Thoughts of Man might be collected and steered thro' the pathless Ocean of Science. They gave us a Set of dry unwieldy Instruments for  
this

this Purpose, such as, Modes, Figures, Syllogisms, Definitions, Divisions, Interrogations, Concessions, &c. by which the Mind, like a young Colt, was to be broken, and then trained to a very awkward and unnatural Sort of an Amble. But Error still found Means to evade the Laws made against her by these logical Legislators, and could sometimes plead them in her own Defence, directly in the Teeth of Truth, for whose Use they were intended.

At length the great *Shaftsbury* arose, and taught the World a new, easy, effectual, and universal Method. By a nice Calculation I find, that the most stupid Person in the World may learn this useful and admirable Art nearly in the Space of 34 Seconds, and a Man of Parts in  $22\frac{1}{2}$ . Ridicule, that is the grand Arcanum of Science. Apply it, saith our Author, to any Argument; if the Argument bears up against it, and is no whit out of Countenance; then it is certainly a good one, if it doth not, then it is as certainly erroneous and false. By the Application of a little Banter to a suspected Syllogism,



if it happens to be really unsound, you shall quickly see the middle Term, and the Terms of the Question fall asunder, and the Conclusion start off from the Premisses, as if newly divorced from an unnatural Polygamy. Since the Invention of this new logical Touch-Stone, an infinite Number of Beaus, Belles, Squires, Fox-hunters, Farmers, Mechanicks, Scavengers, and Gold-finders have commenced Disputants, and begin to sneer away the grizly Faintoms of Futurity with great Dexterity and Address. Every one, who can laugh, may be a compleat Master of this Art, and an excellent Reasoner. Now, as all Men are risible, so by this Invention they are made rational Animals, and those two much-contended Specialities of Man, namely, Risibility and Rationality, are happily united into one. Heretofore it was imagined, that Philosophy was seated upon a steep and craggy Mountain, which none, but the mere Goats of Learning and Science could climb; but, now we find, to our great Satisfaction, that she resides in the jocular Faculty,  
and

and shews herself every Moment in the Muscles of the Face, like an obliging Beauty, who is perpetually at the Window.

How happy, were we but sensible of it, is the Age we live in ! We can now laugh, and be wise. By a merry Turn of Thought, or an humorous Skrew of the Face, we can banter Error and Supertition out of the World, we can take such Strides in Knowledge, as Ages could not attain to, nor Centuries boast of. Those arbitrary Engrossers of Knowledge, who have hitherto led the World by the Nose, and appropriated Learning to themselves, shall no more rule over the Reasons, nor preside in the Understandings of Men. The lowest, and most illiterate Peasant shall be able to hunt down Error as well as they, and it will be as common to see two merry Fellows grin for a Point in natural or moral Philosophy, as two old Women for a Bag of Snuff.

To conclude my Observations on this glorious Invention, I am persuaded, the Opposition given to it by some a-

mong us, is owing to the phlegmatick and melancholly Genius of the *English*. Had it been proposed in *France*, it had universally met with Approbation. That Nation, famous for Gaiety and Wisdom, had opened its Arms to so facetious a Method of Improvement, and embraced it with entire Esteem,

As this great Person hath placed Reason in the risible Faculty, so hath he likewise seated Religion in the sensitive Part of human Nature, and rendered it a pleasant and disinterested Thing, independent of Hopes and Fears. The Notions of Religion, that prevailed in the World before his Lordship's Time, were both extremely selfish, and hideous. Rewards were proposed to People for being good, and Punishments threatened to Vice, by which Enticements and Terrors, the very Idea and Essence of Virtue were destroyed. His Lordship hath taken Rewards and Punishments out of the Hands of Superstition, and now Virtue rewards, and Vice punishes itself. Every Man hath a portable Court, in his own Conscience, which, in all Actions, distributes Justice



tice fully and effectually on the Spot. Go where thou wilt, O Man, altho' to never so great a Distance from Witnesses and Judges, thou can'st no longer do, nor even think, an ill Thing, because thou art now thine own Law-giver and Judge. I can trust my Wife in thy Bed, and my Purse in thy Pocket. The Beauty of thy Virtue is greater than her's, and the Deformity of Vice will effectually secure to me my uncounted Guineas. This holds the Strings of my Purse, and that engages thy Caresses, while Spouse sleeps as quietly as with me; Thanks to the good Lord of *Shaftsbury*. Since the great Reformation introduced by his Lordship, Religion begins to have an Air of good Humour. Hell, the Devil, and Damnation, are now excluded from good Company, are scarcely heard of in an Oath, or in the Pulpit, and even Sermons begin to grow polite. Our great Folks, not liking the vulgar Religious, with which these Countries abound, as being both Expensive and Inconvenient, were on the Point of renouncing all Religion, when his Lordship

ship, who knew what they wanted, revealed to them the Religion of Taste. This Religion fits easy, and breaks no Squares. It neither shocks, nor offends. It neither hampers, nor restrains. It can never occasion either Disputes, or Wars. It distinguishes the polite Part of the World from the Vulgar, who cannot participate in it. But, it may be, thou wilt ask me what it is? I tell thee again, it is, Taste and good Breeding.

THE last extraordinary Performance, which I shall at this Time bring under the Reader's Consideration, is the celebrated Play of *Hurlothbrumbo*, wrote by Mr. *Johnson*, the Support and Glory of the *English* Stage. Thou see'st, Reader, how, like a skilful Manager of a Feast, I have reserved the best and most delicious Course for the last. *First*, an *Hill*, good; then a *Shaftsbury*, excellent; *Lastly*, a *Johnson*, incompa-

It is remarked of *Shakespear*, that had he perfectly understood the Art and Rules of dramattick Writing, we should have been deprived of numberless Beauties

ties, which we now enjoy in that great Poet. But had *Johnson's* Genius been hampered with the Trammels of the Drama, he had been wholly lost to us. Rules, the best of Criticks will allow were made only for little and narrow Spirits. They are mere Leading-strings for infant Imaginations, which would tumble and grovel on the Earth without them. But the soaring Soul, whose Range is Infinitude, can never be out of its Way, because its Way is boundless. That Fire and Rage, so necessarily required in every great Poet, with what Vehemence do they blaze out in this animated Composition! With a noble Negligence of Rule he hurries his Subject, and with it sweeps his Reader, thro' Heaven, Earth, and Hell! In one Moment he dives into the deepest Recesses of the dark Abyss, and before Time can bring that Moment to a Period, he mounts again with so sublime and rapid a Wing, that this whole Globe vanishes from his Sight, and he sees the Stars feintly twinkling beneath his Feet. He hath thrown off Reason, that Tyrant of the  
Fancy



Fancy, which damps its Fire, and cramps its Vigour, and boldly breaking thro' all the Fetters of Criticism, hath asserted the native Liberty of Poetry.

BUT as, according to the Tenor of this my learned and elaborate Treatise, that Work which pleases most People, ought to be the most highly esteemed; so, to give this inimitable Performance its just Character, all *London*, that great City of Taste and Judgment, *London*, for above fifty Nights successively, poured forth its Inhabitants, great and small, rich and poor, fine and shabby, to the Representation of this noble Entertainment. They all saw, they were all transported with Delight, and all returned again to repeat so exquisite an Enjoyment. *Pindar*, that bright Star of the Ancients, was admired for a majestick Negligence, a daring digressive Spirit, which at once gave Fire and Variety to his Poems. And *Johnson*, the Comet of this Age, merits equal Glory for that Conflagration of Sentiment and Style that kindles in his first Scene, and rages to the very Epilogue.

SOON

SOON after this Performance had seen the Light, I happened to visit an old Gentleman, a Friend of mine, who hath been a Politician, ever since the Reign of King WILLIAM. He reads the News, lectures his Neighbours on the Subject of Peace and War, and gives as shrewd Guesses at the Success of a Congress, as any one I know. I found him engaged in a pretty warm Dispute with a maiden Lady about the Age of thirty, who had been a Beauty in her Time; a young Officer, who was Nephew to my Friend, and a noted Critick, *Hurlotbrumbo* was the Subject of the Controversy, which the young Warrior read to the Company with an Air and Accent, that did Justice to the Performance.

AFTER the usual Civilities to me, upon entering the Room, they resumed their Dispute. The old Gentleman, who is a zealous Friend to the present happy Establishment, both in Church and State, seemed very warm. He was jealous of every Line, and either saw or suspected Treason in every Page. There is nothing, said he, can be more evident

evident, than that it is a treasonable and factious Pamphlet, wrote to sow Sedition among the People, and bespatter the Ministry at least, if not to bring in the *Pretender*. If this is not the Design of the Writer, why those scurrilous Reflections on Kings and great Men, in the very first Act? Why does the Plot lie so deep? And why is the Whole conducted in so seemingly incoherent and obscure a Manner, that it is scarcely possible to understand it? What Occasion for so much Darkeness, if all was as it should be? If it was not the Spawn of a damned Popish Plot, there had been no need of introducing so many Familiars and Devils. Why that Lion overcome and killed by *Hurlothbrumbo*? Is not a Lion Part of the Arms of *England*? I do not like that Lion.

IN short his Passion transported him so far, that he would not allow the Performance had either Spirit or Sublimity in it, nor, in some Places, even Sense. He concluded with a Piece of Advice to his Nephew, to decry it in all Companies, lest he should be suspected



pected of Disaffection, and lose his Post by it.

HERE the Officer, who is a Man of Taste and Fire, undertook the Defence of his favourite Play, with as much Warmth, as was decent in the Support of an Opinion, opposite to that of his Uncle. That youthful Warmth, said he, which is necessary in the Reader of such a Performance, is a little too much abated in you, Sir, to keep Pace with such Writings as this. Your great Attachment to our Establishment hath made you watchful and apprehensive, where there are no Grounds for Suspicion. The introducing of Dæmons is a Thing very innocent and common in our best Plays. As for the Lion, he is but a Lion, and I will answer for him, hath no Designs upon the Reader, but to please.

HAVING thus answered his Uncle's Objections, he proceeded to set forth the Beauties of the Play in such a Strain, as shewed he entered deep into its Spirit, and was sensibly touched with its masterly Strokes. He commended the Force and Propriety of the Diction,  
the

the Justness of the Sentiments, the Sublimity of the Images, the Beauty and Variety of the Descriptions, and dwelt a long Time on the inimitable Art of the Author, who had so artfully concealed his Art, that it required infinite Penetration to discover, there was any Art in it at all.

THE Critick waited a long Time, with Impatience, for an Opportunity, to interpose his Sentiments of the Matter, and was, after all, obliged to interrupt the Officer. He told us, he did not give his Judgment on that Occasion, with a Design to impose it on us, because he had acquired some Reputation for Skill in Criticism, but to give a right Turn to the Controversy, which, in his Opinion, did not enter into the true Merits.

I WILL readily grant, said he, that a true poetical Fury enlivens the whole; yet I can never forgive an Author's letting loose the Reins of his Fancy, and indulging it in the Transgression of all Rule and Order. A Writer of any Kind, should consider, that his Readers have Reason, as well as Imagination,  
and,

and, while he gratifies the one, should take Care not to shock the other. What is unreasonable, can never be natural, and what is unnatural, can never truly please. Here Gentlemen, you see no Harmony, no Cohesion of Parts, no Unity of Time or Place, preserved. A Wilderness of Similies, Descriptions, Digressions, Transitions, tumbled in one after another upon the Reader, hurry him along in such Confusion, that he hath no Leisure to attend to the Management of the Fable, the Choice of the Metaphors, nor the Delicacy of the Colourings. All is a Chaos of beautiful Materials, huddled together in vast Confusion, from whence we sometimes hear an immoderate Peal of Laughter, sometimes frightful Lamentations. Now we grope in an Hell of Darkness and Terror, and anon, have such a Burst of Light and Blaze about us, as no human Eye-ball can endure. The Sentiments, in short, are often extravagant, the Expressions outrageous, and the Fable so embarrassed with collateral, or opposite Drifts, that it is impossible to keep in with his

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Design,



Design, or preserve the Thread he is twisting.

THIS severe Censure grated most disagreeably on the Ears of the Officer and the Lady, the latter of whom, being perfectly charmed with the innumerable Beauties of *Hurlothrumbo*, undertook its Defence in a Manner suitable to the good Taste and Sensibility of her Sex.

How cold, said she, how void of Feeling must be that Heart, that reads without Emotion, the powerful Workings of the Passions in this surprizing Play! How lofty are its Flights! How musical its Stile! How amusing its Plot! How heroick its Battles! Above all, how engaging its Interviews of Love! There is nothing to be met with, in the whole Circle of Reading, that so absolutely melts one down, as the passionate parting of the King and his Mistress. There is Tenderness in perfection. The languishing Regards, the mutual Dying in each others Arms, the transporting Expressions of infinite Affection, are what no Performance ever equaled it in, and what the icy Rules  
about

about your Heart (turning to the Critick) will never suffer you to conceive. I Sir, can never forgive your losing the Man in the Critick, and divesting your self of that, which is most amiable in human Nature. You measure Poetry by a Parcel of cold insipid Rules, enough to extinguish the Fire of a Description, and freeze a Metaphor to an Isicle. You prey upon the Garbage of an Author, and can find no Taste in the delicious Dainties he dresses up for fine Imaginations. You dive into an Author, only as Worms do into Wood, where you find him unsound. You measure all Things by the Narrowness of your own Understanding, and whatever exceeds that wretched Scantling, you pronounce enormous, monstrous, mad. Books were not wrote for you, but for the World, and it is downright Assurance in you to read at all. I wish, Sir, you would confine yourself to a News-paper, and the Almanack. I own I should have had but very little Pleasure in this Conversation, had it not been for the polite and ingenious Defence of *Hurlo-*  
*thrumbo,*

*thrumbo*, which that Gentleman (meaning the Officer you may be sure) hath been so good as to favour us with.

THE young Gentleman made her a very handsome Bow for this Overture, which, however, he affected to interpret only as a mere Civility.

THIS vigorous Vindication, delivered with an Earnestness and Warmth, equal to its Keeness, dumfounded all Opposition, and to my infinite Satisfaction, which I took Care to intimate, carried the Cause in favour of *Hurlo-thrumbo*.

AND here O Reader, I met with an Occasion of being thankful for that inestimable Stock of Wisdom, which I derive from Education, upon hearing the ignorant Wretch of a Butler, who happened to get a Part both of the Play and the Dispute, as he gave Attendance, muttering to himself some uncooth Criticisms, as well on what had passed in the Company, as on the Performance it self. I heard him swear by his Soul, he believed the Author was mad, and the whole Company little better, for talking so gravely about



bout his hair-brained Rants, as he called them; adding, that *Tom Clatter-plate*, who had been lately at *London*, with his Master *Justice Wiseacre*, assured him every Body there began to suspect the Author to be a mad Man. Astonishing Stupidity! Be thou thankful also, O Reader, that thou art not such an one as this Butler, nor as *Clatter-plate*, the Traveller; for had not thy Stars been kind to thee, thou mightest have been yet worse than them, even a Scavenger. So take not the Honour to thy self, but be thankful.

The Rest of the Play being read out, to the great Entertainment and Edification of us all, we spent the Evening very agreeably, every one turning to, and repeating such particular Passages, as happened best to hit his Taste and Humour.

I CANNOT shut up this elaborate and useful Treatise, without a parallel between my Lord *Shaftsbury* and Mr. *Johnson*. There is such a Resemblance to justify this new Trespass on the Patience of my Reader, that the Genius  
of

of the one seems to be transfused into the other. But what seems to bring them the nearest to each other, is the *Rapsody* and the *Hurlotbrumbo*, to which two Performances the Reader is desired to consider me, as alluding in the following Comparifon.

THESE two Authors have, with the same Boldness, ventured from the common worn Path of all other Writers, which can now afford nothing that is new, and notwithstanding they seem to scour the boundless Regions of poetical and philosophical Matter at Random, yet tread precisely in the same Path, excepting in a very few Instances, which I shall point to hereafter.

I PERSUADE myself, I have a clear and distinct Idea of both their Methods; and yet I find it exceedingly difficult to communicate that Idea to the Reader, for want of Terms, which in this Case, ought to be very complex, and which, as the Occasion is new, have not yet been provided by the learned. But, in some Measure to get clear of this Difficulty, let us suppose, what will probably happen among Posterity, that  
there

there is a great Number of Writings formed exactly according to the Manner and Plan of each ; one half of which are called *Rapsodies*, after that of my Lord *Shaftsbury*, the first of that Name, and the other called *Hurlothrumbo*s, after Mr. *Johnson's*, as *Cicero's Philipicks* are so called after those of *Demosthenes*. By which Means *Rapsody* and *Hurlothrumbo*, become the Terms of two general Ideas, which Ideas every intelligent Reader will best form to himself, by carefully perusing the two Performances ; and those who cannot read, may get others to do it for them.

WERE it not for the different Periods of their Publication, so great is their Resemblance to each other, that one would be apt to think they had flowed thro' the same Pen.

THERE is a tragick Spirit blended with the Philosophy of the *Rapsody*, and a philosophical, in the *Hurlothrumbo* ; insomuch that the *Rapsody* may not improperly be called an *Hurlothrumbo* of a *Rapsody*, and the *Hurlothrumbo*, a *Rapsody* of a Tragedy.

There



There is the same astonishing Variety in both. Both breathe the same free Spirit of Thinking. Both surprize us after the same Manner, and by the same Facultie of digressing suddenly, and hurrying the Reader in a Moment from the Sight of the first Subject, in Pursuit of a new one, which escapes and leaves him on the Scent of a third, and so on, till a thousand, one after another, are started and quitted in the same Page. They both pursue their Themes with infinite Eagerness ; but pursue them only for a Moment. It is the peculiar Excellence of them both to deviate, before they have beaten their Path bare, to quit the Pump, before they have exhausted their Subject.

NOR do these two eminent Writers, less resemble each other in that gloomy Magnificence, in which the true Dignity of their Writings consists. The same Midnight Darkness lours over both their Performances. Each presents his Reader with a Night-piece, drawn in so deep a Shade, that it seems rather the Picture of Night itself, than of benighted Objects. Yet from this  
Darkness,

Darkness, a Gleam of Light, now and then, breaks forth, which, altho' it serves not for Sight or Direction, yet looks excessively bright, because it shines in the Dark. They resemble a Cloud which envelopes an huge Body of Fire, and sometimes suffers a Flash of Lightning, to rush out with amazing Suddenness and Lustre.

BUT, as no two Authors ever were exactly alike in all Respects, so neither are these, altho' it be the most difficult Thing in Nature to see wherein they differ. If I mistake not, it is peculiar to my Lord *Shaftsbury*, to charm and bewitch his Readers, and to Mr. *Johnson*, to astonish and terrify them. The former hath more Art, the latter more Fire. The former insinuates, the latter commands. His Lordship circumvents our Reason by Stratagem. Mr. *Johnson* takes our Hearts by Storm. His Lordship leads us in the Dark thro' a fantastick Heaven. Mr. *Johnson* drives us trembling thro' imaginary Terrors. The Spirit of the former is an Ignis-fatuus, that leads his Reader thro' Hedges and Ditches, over Hills

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and

and Dales, and at last leaves him sticking up to the Ears in a Bog. And the Genius of the latter, especially when it exerts itself in Description, is like the blowing up of a Magazine of Gunpowder, that breaks out on a Sudden with a frightful Burst, scatters Death and Amazement round it, shakes the Earth, and invades the Skies with a Chaos of Uproar and Confusion.

IF thy Patience, candid and long-suffering Reader, hath carried thee thus far, it is now high Time I should Reward thy indefatigable Diligence, and present thee with the most agreeable Word by far, in this tedious Treatise, which I have hitherto reserved to make amends for all the Rest, which long-wished for Word, if thou wilt cast thy Eyes downward, thou shalt presently behold.



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| <i>vants.</i>                       | <i>Giving away Victuals.</i>    | <i>Vails.</i>                     |
| <i>Entering into their Quarrels</i> | <i>Bringing in Chair-Women.</i> | <i>Giving Advice too freely.</i>  |
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